



VOL. III. No. 27.]

GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

{WHOLE No. 129.

**THE TIMES.**  
GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

**Summer.**

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Lovely and fair the shapes that lie  
To-day beneath the laughing sky;  
For round the hillsides gray and lone  
A robe of living green is thrown,  
And the blue river gildeth slow  
With music in its happy flow.

But late the orchard's roseate bloom  
Freighted with the balm with sweet perfume,  
And willow's violet leafy boughs  
Perched on some bough's aspiring crest,  
And now the wax white roses wake  
In beauty for the Summer's sake.

Within the garden's green repose  
Once more the peony's crimson glows,  
And honey bee and butter fly  
Sip nectar as the hours go by;  
Belated often till the night  
Breathes gently on their homeward flight.

The flush of Summer! O how fair!  
Green boughs are tossing in the air,  
And every wandering sweet is borne  
O'er fields of vine and springing corn,  
Beside the brooks blue ill grow,  
Red strawberries in the grass tufts low,  
O'er all around, on Earth and air,  
Has summer scattered treasures fair.

And 'mid its light should thought not rise  
To him who dwells beyond the skies?  
Should we not pray that he will keep  
And guide us o'er Times troubled deep,  
Unto the Better Land where shine  
The beams of endless summer time.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

**THE MINIATURE;**  
OR,  
**LIFE SCENES.**

BY WILLIS MACLAY.

CHAPTER IV.  
"Down, down, down, they went, sinking every  
moment, nearing the bottomless pit."  
Dr. Johnson.

"Her form was lovely, beautiful, yet he pledged  
That gift from her, 'gainst cursed gold."  
Clement.

**LAS!** what is life! how vain!  
how full of misery to those that  
love! how many blighting cares  
silvers the looks and wrinkle the  
brow! the fair and innocent had  
that thought it base to act without  
a mother's counsel and a  
mother's command, now played  
and toyed with that woman, whose glittering  
candor and charming beauty enticed  
him "down, down, down."

In a little schoolroom, the tutor and pupils aforementioned met together, as usual, at an early hour, for they lived to assemble early and depart late; the parents of these lively lads thought that the noblest principle bade them to linger in each other's society, that of love for each other, love of learning, but especially the love of duty; plus! they knew not that a stronger and a more ruinous tie bound them together, that they were entangled in the alluring entrails of "social pleasure," better named *social destruction*! The destroyer had done his work, he had acted his part well, and the drama, which he had commanded, was now in progress, and ere the curtain fell to hide the stage from view, a dreadful resuit would ensue.

The moon had barely begun to blush up on the vaulted earth, while the stars shrank from viewing her beauty, and but few opened their merry, laughing eyes, ere they thrice had gathered round the old desk, to take a social game; the books were laid aside, and soon their minds were deeply absorbed in their soul destroying play. Game after game had been played with unremitting ardor and interest, faces became pale, eyes wearied from continued effort, yet the game was exasperated, and in a rage, cried out:

"I must, I will have it; no matter how I get it, I will have that miniature."

"I'd like to see you get it," answered Louis, with a defiant grin.

Robert, seeing what was likely to result from this, interposed, bidding Willie not to be too rash, that the likeness was fairly wagered and fairly won, telling him that if he acted to hastily now, all their meetings and the objects for which they met would be revealed, and that he, in like circumstances, would not have done thus, and that the right policy would be to play for a gain.

"Done," said Louis, "I'll—"

"Hold on," exclaimed Robert, "let

Willie tell us how he got so much more money than he generally has, I'll wager the game will be funny."

"Twist our hands from shuffling a little, though I am not at all tired yet," said Louis.

His advice brought him nothing but a

torrent of curses, oath succeeding oath as rapidly as the tongue could pronounce.

"No," he continued, "I'll be d—d if I ever submit to such a cheating game, played by such d—d swindlers and black dogs as you are."

If he had been the wish of the other parties to take offence, they would have had an abundant opportunity during this speech of Willie's, but this was not their wish, nor was it their policy; they knew that they must restrain his temper and keep him, or their characters would be ruined, and their prospects blasted—they knew full well that were it once known, that they gambled continually while it was supposed they were studying, no more trust, no more confidence would ever be placed in them; that the gray hairs of their parents would sink with sorrow into the grave. Robert then, with friendless skill, said in the same tone:

"Don't submit to it at all."

Willie was baffled, but soon he recovered himself and said:

"Mind how you mock me, sir. I am going home and tell the whole sorpre, and you will feel d—d cheap then."

"Run to your mammy and cry like you used to," said Robert, with a sneer.

Alas! what almighty power has ridicule:

how often has the straying lamb been enticed farther from the fold by it; how often has the church suffered from the taunts and jeers of the degraded populace, and how serious have been the results; fathers and mothers have wept and sunk into a premature grave on account of the sins of some loved child.

"Bob, Springs goes, before you go, are you all ready, packed up and so forth, are you all ready?"

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# THE TIMES



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITORS.

Corresponding Editors.  
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Educational.

The members of the Guilford Educational Association will please remember that the time for the next regular meeting is Saturday, July 10th.

The question for discussion is—“Should the State establish Normal Schools, for the professional training of teachers?”

Rev. L. S. Burkhead was appointed to deliver an address, and Mr. J. W. C. Woollen to read an essay. Let all the friends of the cause meet with us in the Court House, on that occasion.

Laying Corner-Stone.

Saturday, the day appointed by the Masonic Fraternity for the laying of the corner-stone of the new Court House of Guilford, opened bright and fair, but excessively warm. Quite a number of people had assembled to witness the ceremonies, which commenced at 3 o'clock. The procession was found at the Young Men's hall, and led by the Salisbury Brass Band. There were about one hundred members of the fraternity in the procession; but, owing to the warmth of the weather, the parade was confined to necessity and not display. The Order proceeded at once to the foundation of the new Court House, where the ceremonies peculiar to the Order were conducted by C. P. Meadenthal, Esq. And notwithstanding the great inconvenience of having to stand in the sunshine, a large concourse of people patiently witnessed the interesting and mystic rites of dedication.

The following is a list of articles deposited in the corner-stone, which will, no doubt, afford much interest to the curiosities of some succeeding generations showing them who and what were the avocations and creeds of those who had gone before them:

Names of the Officers of the Government of the U. S., of N. C., and Members of Congress.

Directory of Greensboro.

Charter, By-laws, list of Officers and members of Greensboro Lodge, No. 76 A. Y. M.

Charter, By-laws and list of Officers and members of Chorizor Chapter.

Officers, Directors, Charter and By-laws of the Greensboro Mutual Life Insurance and Trust Company.

Officers, By-laws and Act of Incorporation of the Greensboro Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Charter and By-laws of Farmer's Bank.

Constitution and By-laws of Buena Vista Lodge, No. 21, I. O. O. F.

Charter, By-laws and List of members of Greensboro Div. S. of T.

Constitution and By-laws of the Cadets of Temperance.

Catalogue of the Ministers, Ruling Elders, Deacons and Members of the Presbyterian Church, at Greensboro.

Members of the Methodist E. Church South, at Greensboro.

Catalogue of G. F. College.

Edgeworth Female Seminary, at Greensboro.

Discipline of the M. E. Church, South.

Constitution and By-laws of Guilford County Agricultural Society.

Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church.

Holy Bible.

Letter of C. G. Yates on presenting copper box which is enclosed in the stone.

N. C. Journal of Education; Greensboro Patriot, Times, Weekly Message N. C. Presbyterian, Spirit of the Age, Fayetteville Observer, The Philadelphia Presbyterian, N. C. Standard, N. C. Tri-Weekly Star, Richmond Dispatch, Blum's Almanac, Home and Foreign Record.

Specimens of the American Gold and Silver coin.

Specimens of N. C. Gold and Copper Ore.

And there may be some few articles which we have failed to enumerate—but none are knowingly omitted.

After the dedication, the procession and citizens repaired to the College Grove, where they were highly entertained with an address by R. P. Dick, Esq., who justly has a high reputation as a classic orator. The address was short graphic and eloquent, and fully sustained Mr. Dick's reputation. The address, perhaps, would have been longer had it not been for the threatening aspect of an ominous cloud, which was fastly rising in the North East.

Having hurried back, the Masons went

to their hall, to partake of a dinner, which we learn was of no inferior order. And it being near four o'clock we have no

## Leisure Readings; or A few of the best things WE FIND IN Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

The following extract from the Address before the Young Ladies of Edgeworth, on 27th May last, by JAS. A. LONG, Esq., of Greensboro, is the best we have ever read on the distinction between one poor Jew and another.

Character and Reputation. What is character and what is reputation? “Character,” says Blair, “is derived from the natural sense of a stamp or mark, and is figuratively employed for the moral mark, which distinguishes one man from another; reputation from the Latin *reputo* to think, signifies what is thought of a person; character lies in the man, it is the mark of what he is; reputation depends upon others, it is what they think of him; character has always a foundation, reputation has more of conjecture in it, its source is hearsay.” Character is the moral principle and lies within the man, and is entirely independent of others, whereas, reputation is as uncertain and as unstable as the winds, depending on it upon the breath of the multitude—the multitude, which one day went forth to meet the King of Kings, singing hallelujahs, and bearing palms in their hands, and the next day placed a crown of thorns upon his head, cried “away with him, crucify him, crucify him.” A man's character may be as bright, as pure as refined gold, as full of promise as the rainbow in the heavens, and yet he be utterly destitute of reputation. No character can ever again be delineated so pure, spotless and lovely as that of our Savior, and yet he was a man of no reputation, despised among the people. Again a man may fill the mouth of fame, occupy exalted stations, and yet be bankrupt in character, he having, for the purpose of acquiring this reputation, sacrificed every moral principle. This distinction is most happily expressed, and graphically drawn by the poet, Burns.

“The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that;  
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that—  
An honest man, though he'er sae poor,  
Is cleef of men for a' that.”

Ye see my brickle call'd a' that—  
What stane an' a' that an' a' that;  
Through a' manks' worship at his word  
He's but a' cutt for a' that—  
“For a' that, and a' that;  
His ribbon, star, and a' that;  
A man of independent mind,  
Can look and laugh at a' that.”

“The King can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
An honest man's aboon his might  
Gude faith he manna, fa' that.”

Kings may confer titles, may build up for their favorites a hollow reputation,—deck them with ribbons and stars, and throw around them a tinsel of glittering gold, but to make an honest man, is beyond the pretension, beyond the power of kings.

The humble bard of Scotland, nursed in the lap of adversity, treading his own native heathes, reposing along the flowery banks of the clear winding Devon, drawing truth from the pure fountains of nature herself, and catching inspiration from the thoughts of his highland Mary in heaven, looked deep into the heart and received clear and distinct impressions of what really constituted a man,—impressions far beyond the conception of the bard of Avon. Mark the difference:—

“Good name, in man or woman, dear, my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;  
He, that flieches from me my good name,  
Rob's me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.”

Thanks to Shakespeare that he put these words in the mouth of Iago, the most contemptible villain, whose name lives either in history or poetry.

The sentiments of Burns apply to character, the moral mark of the man,—Shakespeare's to reputation, a man's good name before the world, although his character is as rotten as Iago's—and it is such unprincipled villains as Iago who prize most about reputation.

Shakespeare in another place speaks of a spotless reputation.

“The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation; that away  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.”

Such we presume was the reputation of the Pharisees. To the world they were spotless, but to the searching eye of Divinity, odious and corrupt.

Such then is the distinction between character and reputation. And it is the neglect and lossing sight of this distinction, and the almost universal desire of gaining a name, of having our praises sounded by the multitude, of acquiring a reputation independent of, and if necessary by the sacrifice of character, that has been the curse not only of the present, but of all past ages. Like Aaron's rod it swallows up and is the parent stem of all other evils. It brings into play, calls in activity, and gives strength and vitality to all the baser passions of the soul, which tend to debase and degrade the man. It has been productive of more misery to the human race than all other causes combined, yet the rain and wind did some injury in the country.

Monday we were again visited by another storm, which was more general in the county. The lightning struck a new house in the Western portion of town, belonging to Rev. Wm. Barringer, but did little damage. The rain caused many of our streams to rise higher than known for years, and washed off much wheat, fencing, &c. Oats and hay are considerably damaged in some sections; also several bridges washed away or damaged.

THOUGHTFUL.—Our friend Joe Kirkpatrick, Esq., is a very experienced and thoughtful farmer, as we have reason to know by specimens from his garden. He gave us yesterday, a cabbage already headed weighing 2 lbs. which is considerably ahead of anything we have seen in the cabbage line,—unless it was the “Kahl Rabi, or Turnip-rooted cabbage,” which was also from his garden. The Kahl Rabi is a new kind of cabbage, and the seed were imported from England and distributed by the Patent Office, if we mistake not. The one he presented us weighed 24 lbs. We will be better prepared to comment after dinner.

BURNING OF FREIGHT CARS ON THE MANCHESTER RAILROAD.

We learn from the Wilmington Herald that a freight train of four open cars, one box car with the tender and part of the engine, were consumed by fire on Tuesday through the accident of a spark from the smoke pipe falling upon an open car, containing barrels of turpentine and 180 barrels of resin, with which the train was freighted, were destroyed. The damage entire is quite extensive.

LATER FROM UTAH.—St. Louis, June 26.—The Utah mail of June 5th has arrived. Governor Cumming, the peace commissioners, and the postmaster, had gone into the city.

The supply trains and military forces were pushing forward rapidly, and Col. Johnston would soon be able to proceed to Salt Lake, as he intends. Provisions were plenty in the camp. The news generally is unimportant.

because one poor Jew would not do him reverence.

The ancient Mythologists represented the “daughter of Chaos”—as always at war with and endeavoring to gain the victory over light, shrouding in darkness all that was bright and beautiful. So has it ever been with those who are striving at the sacrifice of character, to build up and secure for themselves a false reputation. To such nothing is more hateful than the bright halo which virtuous deeds throw around the truly good. It was this which sent Aristides into exile, presented the poisoned chalice to the lips of Socrates, and sold Joseph into Egypt.

Again this desire for reputation not only brings into play the baser passions of the soul, its tendency is to corrupt and destroy all the finer qualities of the heart.—When the daughters of Judah met Saul returning with his victorious army, and in their admiration of the prowess of David sang—Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands—Saul's reputation was touched, gratitude died in his heart, and the demon of vengeance entered his soul. Character is always modest and retiring, delighting in the exaltation of others—but as the proud eagle wings its flight, solitary and alone to its lofty height, and as the stately steppings of but one lion is ever heard in the same forest—so with reputation, it admits of no rival;

To heaven, methinks it were an easy leap, To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon, Or drive into the bottom of the deep.

Where fathoms line could not touch the ground, And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,

So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear,

Without corral, all her dignities.

Character is the foundation on which patriotism and love of country rest. Reputation places self before country. Patriotism urged Caesar to disband his army,—reputation caused him to pass the Rubicon, and plunge his country into all the horrors of civil war. It is indeed a “hidden plague,” a “canker of the soul”—contracting the heart of the patriot; making it necessary at times for the sake of liberty, and order in Brazil to be given up for the sake of personal ambition.

The Paris *Moniteur* asserts most positively that there are no extraordinary preparations of a warlike character being made in France.

Advices from the Cable Fleet are anxiously looked for, but nothing has yet been heard of their movements.

The steamship *New York*, a regular packet between Glasgow, (Scotland,) and the United States, has been wrecked on the coast of Scotland. The passengers and crew have been saved.

THE UTAH ARMY.—A DOG FEAST.—

The special correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* in Utah, in a recent letter, narrates the following episode:

“Not long since I had the honor to ‘assist’ at a dog feast in an Indian lodge near our camp; several officers and other gentlemen of my acquaintance were present, partook of the savory dish with great gusto, and were loud in their enjoyment upon the dog. They assured me it was delicious. I was perfectly willing to take their word for it. One of the officers who partook largely, and was most eloquent in lauding the savoriness of the dish, owned a beautiful pointer dog, to which he was very much attached. When he returned to his tent that night, his faithful canine friend and companion was missing. Upon diligent inquiry, the next day, he succeeded in tracing the dog to the vicinity of the lodge where the feast had been given them the night before. From that point he had mysteriously disappeared and has not since been heard of. His owner, who has not been seen to smile since, is a prey to a horrible suspicion.”

A DEVIL INCARNATE.

A wretch named Arnold murdered his wife near Jessamine, Ky., last week, under circumstances of horrid brutality:

She had left him for his cruel treatment and instituted a suit for divorce and alimony against him. He watched her one day as she went with another lady to pick strawberries, and followed her—denied that the suit should be withdrawn. He then threatened to kill her, and drew a revolver, when the woman in company fled. Horror stricken, she promised to live with him. He replied by telling her that she was lying, and immediately fired at her—her ball grazing her temple. She instantly sprang to him and begged for mercy. He refused. She then appealed to him to pray for her murderer. This was granted and a brief time spent in prayer for her husband, her children and herself. Arnold then grasped her with one arm, inexorable to her supplications for mercy, fired at her three times, each ball taking effect in the head. The face was most frightfully disfigured by the wound and powder from the pistol. Not content with this he incarnate fiend mutilated her person with a knife, and then piling brush upon it left the scene. Meanwhile, the woman who fled told the story and Arnold was pursued and arrested at his mother's house in the act of writing his will.

FREE NEGROES.—The Grand Jury of Cleveland County have made the following presentment:

We, the Grand Jurors for Cleveland County, N. C., do present, that Free Negroes in general are a nuisance to society; and that it would be expedient to have a law requiring them to leave this State, and for a failure to do so, that they should be exposed to public sale, and the proceeds arising therefrom be applied to the Literary Fund of our State.” Adopted by unanimous consent.

RELIEF FROM UTAH.—A dispatch from Washington to the Baltimore sun says: Sufficient intelligence has been received here to leave no doubt that Captain Marey's command has reached Camp Scott in safety. It was the intention of Governor Cumming, when last heard from, to allow the troops to march to the valley, as many of the Mormons were understood to own more cattle than they were desirous of carrying away, and of which they were anxious to dispose. The safety and general welfare of the troops at Camp Scott, and elsewhere between that post and the U. States, may now be relied upon with confidence. The Mormon troops had been withdrawn from the approaches to Salt Lake, though the people threatened to return if the army advanced before they had read and carried off the next harvest. Governor Cumming says it may not be regarded as safe for emigrants from the United States to proceed to California, via Salt Lake, the road being entirely open.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND THE MORMONS.—Old “Brigham,” after all, seems to be but a traitor. In his last speech to his people he declared that Salt Lake City was the individual property of the Prophet, who had a right to burn it if he pleased, and concluded by ordering his people to remain perfectly quiet in the place where they were, until further directions should have been issued. Brigham, on this occasion, added that, in sixty days time, or as soon as Col. Kane could go to Washington and return, he would tell them whether they were to remain in the valley or not.

The Annual Meeting of the N. C. Railroad Company will be held in Hillsborough on the 8th day of July. At that time a new President is to be elected, as we learn that Mr. Fisher intends resigning.

A new Post Office has been established in Yadkin County, N. C., between East Bond and Mt. Nebo, called “Five Mile Fork.”

JUDAS ISCANOR.—The time-honored custom of burning Judas in effigy was celebrated in San Francisco on Sunday, April 4th. The effigy was well made up and suspended across the street until noon, and then burnt.

CLARA AUGUSTA: We will write you

## Foreign News.

The steamer *Perisia*, with Liverpool dates to 12th June, brings intelligence from Europe. The following is a synopsis of the most important:

The telegraphic fleet left on the 10th instant, for mid-ocean, under sail. The steamer *Niagara* expected to arrive on the 29th.

A new line of steamships from Galway for Halifax and New York was to commence on the 18th.

Later accounts from India state that the British had occupied Bareilly, after only a slight resistance. The British had also

entered possession of Rohilkund.

Warlike preparations continue to be made in France to such an extent as to attract the attention of Parliament.

Mr. Fitzgerald stated in Parliament that the American Minister at Paris labored under a grave

(Reported for the Times.)  
NORMAL COLLEGE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

We had the pleasure of being present at most of the exercises of the late annual commencement of Normal College, being Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday—21—22 June, and with the permission of the readers of the *Times*, we will give them a brief report of what we saw and heard. And we will preface our remarks by saying, Normal College never appeared to better advantage on any previous commencement occasion; in fact we have never attended a commencement at any institution that surpassed the one now under review.

On Sunday before the regular exercises, Rev. Mr. Tucker, of the North Carolina Conference, by the invitation of a Society connected with the College, preached its annual sermon. Not reaching the College before Monday, we were denied the pleasure of hearing the discourse, but the highest eulogies met our ears from all who heard it. The universal remarks were—“We never heard, the like before.” “It surpassed any sermon we ever heard.” Mr. Tucker, we understand, preached also at High Point at 4 o’clock and again at the College at night, each discourse being equal to the one of the morning and moving to tears the most phlegmatic of the congregations.

The exercises for Monday night were declamation by members of the Freshman Class and an Address by Rev. R. T. Heflin. Mr. Heflin did not arrive, however, by the evening train. The following were the representatives of the Freshman class, and their declamation won the praise of the audience:

Frank Martin Austin, Davie N. C.; F. B. Watson, Pittsylvania Co., Va.; William Allen Gunn, Cassell Co., N. C.; Benj. Franklin Spivey, Green Co., N. C.; Al fred G. Hankins, Brunswick Co., N. C.; Willis Henry Pope, Robeson Co., N. C.; Bartlett Yancy Rayl, Guilford Co., N. C.; Clayton Clay Hines, Bryan Co., Ga.; Henry Franklin Grainger, Green Co., N. C.

Tuesday night, members of the Sophomore class made their declamation. The following represented their class:

John B. Chip, Wright, Darlington, S. C.; Robert Hinton Jones, Jones Co., N. C.; John Willis Wiggin, Halifax Co., N. C.; Irvin T. Woodall, Johnston Co., N. C.; William Jackson Curran, Greene Co., N. C.; Francis A. McDaniel, Sumterville, Al.; Charles C. Dodson, Davidson Co., N. C.

An address was delivered to the Sophomore class by Rev. Wm. E. Poll, in which he noticed a number of practical points in the history of young men, and gave some very wise counsel, particularly on the subject of love, as Sophomores are considered especially susceptible. Rev. R. T. Heflin appeared on the stage, and apologized for his non appearance the night before. His apology was so happily “dressed up” that the Freshman class considered themselves compensated and ready to forgive the omission.

The Wednesday exercises commenced with the anniversary of the Literary Society and the address by Rev. C. E. Evens, D. D., of Wilmington. His subject was PANTHEISM. The address is one of the most finished productions we have ever heard; at times eloquent and stirring and again deep and logical. This address alone, were all his other productions destroyed, would stamp Dr. Deems as one of the first orators of the day; the maturer of such an address, however, on an occasion so warm, is the duty for the audience to lead their minds in the train of the speaker.

At 3 o’clock in the evening Rev. J. E. Evans, of Georgia, preached the anniversary sermon before the Alumni. Mr. Evans makes a fine and imposing appearance. He speaks extempore, and disregarding the flowers of rhetoric, he preached what the older Methodists could call a Holy Ghost Sermon. It was some little time before he got off into the full power of his discourse, but when he did, flowing tears were in nearly every eye. It was something new to hear a short and so much gayety, excitement and show. But we conceive such to be the design of his preaching, and if it is expected for the fancy to be tickled and the intellect feasted, let them look to some other more appropriate source. Thus we do not object to fine, eloquent and beautiful discourses, only so far as the minister sacrifices the feelings of the heart for the motional of the mind. The subject of the discourse was the excellency of wisdom and an exhortation, therefore, to get wisdom.

At night orations were delivered by members of the Junior class.

We extract from the programme:

The Faust Fable, by Presey N. Covington, Columbia Co., N. C. The Conquest of Grays, by William F. Watson, Pittsylvania Co., Va. America demands a Victory, by Wm. C. H. Jones, Jones Co., N. C. The Land of the West, by Edward H. B. H. Jones, Jones Co., N. C. The Story of the Order of the Knights, by John Reynolds, Winston, Rockingham Co., N. C. “God and our Native Land,” by David Spencer Latham, Washington Co., N. C. Actions speak louder than words, by Robert Solo Small, Normal College, Liberty of Intelligence, by John Wesley Cheatham, Jefferson County, Ga. The Era of John Hope, by Lewis Washington Andrews, Liberty County, Ga.

Rev. N. H. D. Wilson appealed upon the programme to make an address to the Junior Class; but he declined speaking—Thursday was Commencement day so I devoted exclusively to the Senior Class—We extract from the programme the names of the graduates and their subjects:

Latin Oration: Logos Latinus non est extensis, by James Ward Baldwin, Hyde County, N. C. Latin Oration: by Edmund Alexander Arnsdorf, Union County, N. C. Latin Oration: by John Reynolds, Winston, Rockingham Co., N. C. Greek Oration: by William Wirt Witherers, Stokes County, N. C. Oration: Who shall possess the Riches of Earth, by Samuel James Andrews, Liberty County, Ga.

“I dreamt of life, ‘twas beauty, I awoke and found it duty.”

by Nell McLean Ray, Robeson County, N. C. Action: Divine Hieroglyphs, by Ranson Hartree Skeen, Randolph County. French Oration: Poetry of the Sciences, by John McLean Jones, Pittsylvania Co., N. C. French Oration: by James Thomas Louch, Johnston County, N. C. French Oration: by Bernice Culbreth, Cumberland County. Greek Oration: Grecian Tone of Mind, by Axon Q. Moody, Savannah, Ga. Oration: Gleams of Clerical Glory, by Asbury Putman Leach, Salisbury, N. C. Oration: Poetic Spirit of the Nineteenth century, by Thomas McKendree Anderson, Halifax County, N. C. Oration: Living Rhetoric, by C. Columbus Andrews, Liberty County.

The Orations were all of the first order of composition and delivered with fine eloquence.

The President read his Annual Report giving the condition of the College, and the grades of the students for the past College year. We were promised a sight at the Report, but did not get it. Hence we can say but little on that subject. We recollect that the patronage of the College

was still on the increase, having had 48 matriculates during the year above any previous year. The report of the different College classes was very rigid every member receiving merit or demerit as appears on the College record. While we noticed a few doing but little good, as was indicated by the reading of the report, the great majority appeared to have fine grades of scholarship and good deportment. In the Junior class, especially, we noticed that the entire class received first honor. And in the Senior class every member except one, the President explained that to get first honor required the answering of 95 questions in every 100 asked. Hence an entire class may receive the first honor, or it may not fall to the lot of any one in the class. The standard is permanent, one year with another, and not each class its own standard. The Degree of A. B. was conferred upon each member of the Senior class, and A. M. upon the following graduates of three years standing or more. J. W. Alspaugh, D. R. Bruton, M. L. Wood, J. H. Roper, J. W. Payne, A. Fuller and J. S. Lach. The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon the Rev. Wm. H. Bobbitt.

Rev. N. F. Reid presented the society medals to the class, and referred in feeling language to what was expected of their future. One year ago, he said, he first saw the class, at which time the President passed upon them high compliment. During the past year they had sustained their position, and he should expect in after years to hear the names of them in whatever position they might find in the world.

At this point, quite a pleasing episode took place. Dr. Deems arose and commenced to speak, addressing the President, remarking that he wished to assume the Presidential functions for a short time. All was mystery, but we knew Dr. Deems would bring something to light before he concluded. And sure he did. To the surprise of Mr. Craven, no less than to the audience, the Dr. suddenly unfolded and held in his hand a beautiful and massive gold headed cane, as a memento of love from the senior class. Mr. Craven received the present with some emotion and the whole passed off pleasantly.

The College presents a bl. to each graduate to accompany their Diploma, as a chart to guide in the use of the knowledge set forth therein. Rev. J. E. Evans presented the Bibles in short, but very appropriate address. This concluded the exercises, and with it we will conclude our report. We had intended saying something of the College and the audience and things miscellaneous, but the length to which we have already written precludes anything further. We will repeat the opening of the article, it was a brilliant occasion for Normal College.

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OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, June 28, 1858.

The Execution—Calumna of Powers. Criminal Court. John Bull epilogues. St. John’s day. Diplomatic appointments. College Commencements. Pie Nics, &c.

During the respite of eight days granted by the President to Powers, the condemned murderer, strenuous and ceaseless efforts were made by his friends and sympathizers to obtain a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment for life. Till a late hour on Friday, the day before the execution, many of our most influential citizens crowded the rooms of the Secretary of State, with new evidence in extenuation of the crime. By Saturday morning however it became apparent that all further endeavours to induce Mr. Buchanan to intercede would be unavailing, and the most sanguine advocates of the doomed man desisted from their appeals. So at noon Powers was waked to be in readiness to march to the gallows. He had prepared himself for death according to the rites of the Catholic Church, and was hopeful and in good spirits. He acknowledged the justice of his condemnation, but made no formal speech of confession of guilt. At half past twelve he ascended the scaffold with a firm step, when he was addressed in a few feeling words by the marshal. After some minutes spent in final prayer the black cap was adjusted over the prisoner’s head, and immediately afterwards the drop fell, and died without a struggle. Throughout the whole trying scene the firmness and composure of the criminal equalled that of the least nervous of the spectators. The number within the jail yard was quite limited, and on the evidences without the wall there were but slight indications of that morbid curiosity usually so intense on such occasions. Thus passed the second and execution that has occurred in this District in forty six years.

The Crucial Court has just begun a new term, and several interesting cases are to be tried; among others that of Heiseler for the murder of Stoops, and of two brothers named Devier, belonging to a highly respectable family of this city. The former of these two brothers was quite limited, and on the evidences without the wall there were but slight indications of that morbid curiosity usually so intense on such occasions. Thus passed the second and execution that has occurred in this District in forty six years.

The trial of the proceggs fell over columns of the *Mammoth Daily Post*, in fine type. I can only give an intuitional sketch of it.

The line when formed, numbered upwards of 150 gallant knights, making a magnificent appearance and eliciting enthusiasm and expressions of admiration on all sides from the vast concourse of citizens who turned out en masse, and thronged the streets, doors and windows to witness the display.

The procession took a circuitous route of some distance about the city, halting for a collection at the residence of Hon. Moses Kimball, and marched to the Monument on Bunker Hill, where the Richmond Templars were introduced to Hon. G. W. Warren, President of the Monument Association, by Dr. Melarkey. The procession then turned out en masse, and the King of the Bunker Hill proclaim it, that as long as the two parallel bars of iron shall extend their lines from one section to another, as long as the mighty power of steam shall be known as a means of locomotion upon the land and the sea, as long as the electric spark shall be capable of flashing upon the out-stretched wires the friendly messages of intelligence and thought, so long shall the national heart of America beat, in one steady, healthful pulsation, inspired by a profound love of a common country, and touched by a sa-

#### OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, Mass. June 28, 1858.

EDITORS OF THE TIMES.—Probably no city, on this continent or in Europe, offers such summer attractions as the “tri-mount City,” by land or by sea, near at hand or a little way off,—the sequestered pine-screws are as plenty as criminals after a storm, if one will only take the pains and trouble to find them. There is Fresh Pond, close at hand, bordered with tangled wood-walks and shaded seclusion, a really rural locality with an atmosphere breathing only of purity and heaven, and glimpses of picturesqueness scenery such as poets and painters love to contemplate.

For cemeteries,—and there are every-sands who frequent them for the exquisite pleasure they confer, more exquisite, on account of the very thread of sadness with which its brighter surface is here and there intersected,—what can be more attractive than Mount Auburn and Forest Hills?

Then, inland, there are the old battle-fields of Lexington and Concord,—the immortal green of the one, and the famous North Bridge of the other,—around which throng associations that will kindle the noblest sentiments in the breast of the visitor. It was under this influence that “you correspondent” dashed off the following:

RHYME FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Unfurled our Flag—the stars and stripes Launch out upon the breeze Let Freedoms’ ensign high and proud, Wave wide o’er land and sea.

In grandeur let its folds flout out, To tell of victory’s won, Recall the scenes, the men, the deeds— The Boys of Lexington!

To wake the chords in every heart, And erst our bosoms throbbed, With the holiest emotions for Our sons of Bunker Hill!

Then give our banner to the breeze, And shout with freedom’s voice, A knell to foes and tyrants, too, Bid those that mourn, rejoice!

And send an echo o’er the sea, And brighten with shore to shore, Our birthright—watchful Liberty!— To-day and evermore!

A recent writer in one of our dailies, in speaking of the aquat c’plicies of the people of Boston, has the following after prefacing with the remark that the children of Polynesia, who are ducked as soon as they are born, are not more “up” to them we than we.

“Look at our coast; see the brisk little steamers puffing their busy way in and out among the green islands of our harbor; watch the yachts, laden with happy pleasure-parties, winging up and down across the blue waters like a birds scouring the deep for prey; count up the delightfully built houses of summer resort along the shore, with parties of summer visitors going in and coming out like bees to and from their hives; taste the luscious and sweet fruits of the water for yourself, by a plunge with your own bounded limbs; sniff the fresh, reviving, inspiring airs, as they comb the watery locks or old ocean of their damp spray, and temper it to the want of their nostrils;—if all this does not excite in you a love for natural pleasures, and a resolution to avail yourself of what is so near at hand, then we shall despair of you altogether.”

Then there is Kingman,—Nanab—Long Island,—Chelsea Beach,—and that ne plus ultra of sea-side perfection, the Glades House at Cossatot; these each offer attractions not only to Bostonians, but to all the world besides.

But if you wish to penetrate further into the “vasty recesses of the earth,” I shall command you to the Atlantic House, at Wells Beach, Maine—three hours’ ride by rail from Boston.

The “destinies” of the “Atlantic” are presided over by Commodore John Horn, said to be the handsomest “host” in the State of Maine, and from the fact that his “House” is at this season of the year usually thronged with handsome ladies from nearly all parts of the Union, and that he sets the handsomest table I infer that the report is unquestionably true. All persons will be sure to find here a strictly Temperance House,—while it was to meet with manly courage, than the old man as he meditated upon that future, now the mournful past, which could not come again, and saw how the light pencils of growing darker as friend after friend proved false—or the sunshine brightened, as trust and constancy cheered him on his toilsome way? Nay, verily.

Why speak of the happiness of other days? Why mourn over “the hours that were?” Why tell of “joys that we’ve tasted,” and sigh that they come no more forever? Lift up your eyes to the blue and smiling sky. Does the strong voice becomes cracked, and Memory sits by the heart’s urn, and one by one she brings forth the flowers, the pearls, the diamonds, the victor crown, the laurel wreath—“young love’s first dream”—the plighted vow, the bridal ring, the after journey—the light of happy day, the quenching of that light—the Death Angel’s visits—the broken band as link after link was drawn away, until he sits by the “vasty recesses of the earth,” I shall command you to the Atlantic House, at Wells Beach, Maine—three hours’ ride by rail from Boston.

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flashings upon the out-stretched wires the friendly messages of intelligence and thought, so long shall the national heart of America beat, in one steady, healthful pulsation, inspired by a profound love of a common country, and touched by a sa-

cred reverence for the blood-stained principles of constitutional liberty.”

Sir Knight J. R. Crenshaw of Virginia, eloquently responded, and at the conclusion of the ceremonies, the procession again formed and marched to the Boston Music Hall, where exercises were held, consisting of an Oration, by Rev. Geo. M. Randall, Original Poems, Songs and Ode.

The balconies of the hall were crowded with beautiful and gaily dressed ladies, whose bright eyes and bewitching smiles directed towards the chivalrous knights could not fail to show that they appreciated the words of the Orator, when he said “Union forever”—to a man.

The evening a sumptuous banquet came off at the American House which, with songs and speeches from various gentlemen, was continued until a late hour. And on the whole I heard nothing in saying that another link is added to bind still closer in the ties of common brotherhood the Bay State and the “Old Dominion.”

But I have already far exceeded my limit and must close.

The weather just now is not only exceedingly warm, but decidedly hot. As a natural consequence, ice and mint juleps are supposed to be in great demand.

I apologize for the “awful” chirography of the by the fact, that it is written with the thermometer indicating 94° in the shade—the hottest of the season.

As ever, J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

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CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WE are authorized to announce Dr. CHARLES THACKER as a candidate to represent Guilford county in the House of Commons of the next Legislature.

WE are authorized to announce Col. C. A. BOON, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff for the County of Guilford.

WE are authorized to announce Wm. S. GILMER, Esq., as a candidate for the office of Sheriff for the County of Guilford.

WE are authorized to announce Col. Charles D. STYRON, Dealer in Produce & Groceries.

WE are authorized to announce Dr. ROWLAND & BROS., Commission Merchants.

WE are authorized to announce Dr. ROWLAND & BROS., Drapers & Grocers.

WE are authorized to announce Col. M. R. NELSON, Assistant Instructor.

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# THE TIMES



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
BE STILL Sad Heart.

BY WM. BENJAMIN SMITH.

We have friends—yes friends in thousands,  
With friendlike firm—hearts true and warm  
So long as fortunes sound us wise—  
Our fortunes go—they from us dart  
And pass away, as Heaven's wind—  
Alone—we say, be still sad heart.

The heart on no one then leans,  
While memory bastes, to youth's bright scenes—  
And takes us to our childhood's days—  
Sweet thoughts, but oh! they bring a smart—  
To see how changed now are life's ways—  
Does aught dare say, be still sad heart?

We think of Mother, Father, dear,  
Who once sojourned beside us here;  
But now they're gone from earth afar—  
"Twas God who bid them from us part—  
A seeming voice—our guiding star  
From Heav'n whispers, be still sad heart.

Though earth's stern ears may gather fast,  
They cannot, will not always last;  
Life's troubled sea must soon grow calm—  
Death's journey's o'er when once we start—  
For each in Heaven there rests a "psalm"—  
God whispers e'er, "be still sad heart."

## Heading for the Young.

### LETTERS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY STEPHEN F. MILLER.

To be of service to one very dear to him, as well as to young men generally who might happen to read them, the author conceived the plan of writing a series of letters, addressed as above, through the *Southern Democrat*. The first number appeared on the 29th December, 1853, and others weekly, until No. VIII, when, owing to the removal of the press to another town, the letters were discontinued. They are here republished with the hope of doing good:

#### LETTER IV.

I have now arrived at a point in this correspondence which calls for the utmost freedom on my part. You can weigh my suggestions, and either adopt them in whole or in part, or reject them altogether. The subject speaks for itself; and I do nothing but open the flood-gates.

In my first letter I expressed the opinion that your comparative poverty would be of service, in forcing you to exertions which otherwise you might not be disposed to make. I know your pride of character, your high estimate of personal independence, and your dislike of every species of immorality. Were you less sensitive in this regard, did you not cherish integrity as the leading trait, as the basis of all that is worth possessing in life, I should not have the courage to address you on topics which an opposite nature could never relish. But, as I know you to be well balanced in principle, and willing to hear all that experience can relate in practical affairs, I beg to impress your mind the nature and obligations of contracts, because for the want of prudence in this matter, many well-meaning individuals have been mixed up in public opinion with a class who plunge into debt recklessly and seem to look upon their creditors as disturbing their peace without any right to do so. Excuse me if I illustrate the subject in my own way.

Suppose you, or any other young gentlemen were to issue this kind of paper:—"Within thirty days I promise to wed Miss A. B., she having given me her heart and all its affections." The time has expired, and you have not fulfilled your engagement. With an admission under your own signature that you possessed the lady's heart (certainly a very rich treasure), you are protected by Notary Cupid for non-payment, and your credit is gone: not a girl will notice you; even a widow of middle age will toss her head contemptuously at your advances. Now, you suffer justly. You have deceived a fair one, can render no excuse, and therefore you are placed in "Coventry," as military officers say when one of their number has dishonored himself by refusing to fight a duel, to pay his losses at gaming, or to redeem his pledge of any kind. They cease to all intents and purposes stricken from the roll of gentlemen. Thus you are in "Coventry" as to all love-matters, and never to be trusted with another "heart," with other "affections," to render life supportable.

You buy land, a negro, a horse, a carriage, goods of a merchant, borrow money, or become indebted for "value" in any other form, and you give your creditor this assurance:—"Thirty days after date I promise to pay C. P., or bearer, five hundred dollars, for value received." You carry home with you the property for which the note is given, at the end of thirty days you fail to pay. Had you told your neighbor that you would keep a vicious animal of yours—an or a mule—from getting into his field, and he (relying on your word) had ceased to look after the trespasser, but in a week afterward, to his surprise, found the ox or mule had devoured every blade of corn or other grain, what would be the opinion of your neighbor? Could he not justly accuse you of forfeiting a falsehood? Now, make the application to your pro-missory note, thus:

I have worked the land, the negro, the horse, the carriage, and enjoyed the profits; I have consumed the goods, and used the money obtained from my neighbor, without giving an equivalent. When he called for his money, I neglected or refused to comply with my obligation. Where is the sanctity of my word? What is it worth? Cannot my creditor hold up my "promise" in writing and charge me with dishonesty, with violating my engagement, in converting his property? Why is it less a crime in mortal, to fail paying debts when due than to be guilty of misrepresentation in any other

form? Your creditor may have traded on your note, endorsed it, relying on your punctuality; and afterward, lo! it comes back upon him when he has made no provision for your breach of faith. At the time he sold you his property on credit, he took you to be a man of truth, a gentleman; when he put your note in circulation with his endorsement, he gave another proof of his confidence; and now that he has to sell a negro, a tract of land, borrow money at a high interest, or intrude on the generosity of a friend to save him from distress, you look upon the whole proceeding—broken faith, holding another's property without paying for it, and thereby causing him great trouble and loss—as a perfectly fair business-transaction! All such conduct is opposed to true principles, to justice between man and man. Would that all of us could improve our ideas, and our practice, too, in this respect! We should save ourselves and our creditors from many a pang; for this is an operation that, like an overcharged gun, destroys before and behind also.

You ask, do I really consider all who fail to pay their debts punctually as dishonest men, as men unworthy of respect, of men of bad character? Heaven forbid that I should insinuate so foul, so unjust, a charge! for I have known good men to be involved, some of them even to bankruptcy, without the least intention on their part to defraud or injure a human being. Their aims were honest, their plans reasonable, and the prospect fair enough to gain by trading, by speculation, to realize a profit and to fulfill their contracts promptly. As they bought on credit, they sold on credit; a circle of credits thus passed round and round, just as children with hands locked in a ring pull against each other: one falls, and the others follow suit. Another familiar illustration is seen in ninepins: one pin is struck, and, tumbling on the next, the whole group is prostrated. Buying and selling on credit is a hazardous game of ninepins: a single blow often upsets all the men. Take the case of merchant. He sells his goods on time, and, failing to collect, is unable to pay the importers. The importer in turn, being disappointed, cannot pay the manufacturer, who, also deceived in his collections, is unable to keep up his business; and down goes every man in the circle. They telegraph-wires when whole convey the electric fluid from New York to New Orleans in a moment; but let the wire be disjoined even one inch, and the operators may toll at their batteries a year without sending or receiving a solitary dot.

Promptness in all our dealings with each other will prevent the downfall of many an upright man. We are all naturally dependent in our callings upon one another, and it should be a matter of enjoyment as well as of principle to withhold nothing, to square up fully to the instant we have the power. I do not require from you impossibilities: only do your best. If you are blamed then, submit in silence, for it is not allowed a debtor to grumble more than any other slave; for when you and I go in debt we take on fitters which have never been considered the badge of freedom. Our creditors are our masters for the time-being; masters of our own choice—our bondage voluntarily sealed. Yet, should the worst happen, toll on, toll patiently for your creditors; justice is paramount. Keep away from idle resorts, from filthy grogeries: no medicine is there to improve an honest man's situation, to remove his blindness. To every quart of fruit add a pound of sugar, and let it stand over night. In the morning boil it through for half an hour; then strain it through a flannel bag and pour into bottles, which must be carefully corked and sealed. To each bottle add, if you please, a trifle of brandy, if the weather is warm as to endanger its keeping.

CHERRIES PRESERVED.—Take fine large cherries, not very ripe; take off the stems, and take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teacup of water for each pound; set it over the fire until it is dissolved, and boiling hot; then put in the juice and cherries; boil them gently until clear through; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich, and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; take the fruit into jars or pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open until the next day; then cover as directed. Sweet cherries improved by the addition of a pint of red currant-juice, and half a pound of sugar to it, for four or five pounds of cherries.

TO DRY CHERRIES.—Take the stems and stones from ripe cherries; spread them on flat dishes, and dry them in the hot sun or warm oven; pour whatever juice may run from them, a little at a time, over them; stir them about, that they may dry evenly. When they are perfectly dry, line boxes or jars with white paper, and pack them close in layers; strew a little brown sugar, and fold the paper over, and keep them in a dry place; or put them in muslin bags, and hang them in an airy place.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Take 1 pound loaf-sugar to every pound of fruit; bruise them together in your preserving pan with a silver spoon, and let them simmer gently for an hour. When cold, put them into glass jars, and lay over them a bit of paper saturated with brandy—then tie them up so as carefully to exclude the air.

APRICOT JELLY.—Pare the fruit thin, and stone it; weigh an equal quantity of sugar in fine powder, and strew over it—Stand one day, then boil very gently till they are clear, move them into a bowl, and pour the liquor over. The next day pour the liquor to a quart of cooling liquor; let it boil quickly till it will jelly; put the fruit into it, and boil; skin well, and put into small pots.

On this subject you have much latitude, much to learn, much sorrow, much joy. I know your abiding integrity, your exertion, your desire to keep free,—to avoid slavery more despotic than that of the cotton in the rice field. If you can pay as you go, if your business will allow this course, by all means adopt it. Then your rest will be sound, your morsel of food sweet, your mind happy. However, do not understand me to assert that all rich men, all men free from debt, are happy, or even entitled to respect. My views in this particular are reserved for another communication.

Rise Early.

Insist on Shab's object gains, if not a bearing she obtains.

A youth accustomed to sleep late, Was asked, "Why so long in bed?"

"I listen to a cause," he said;

"As soon as I close my eyes,

My better angel bids me rise;

"Up! up! she says, 'to meet the sun;

A thousand fresh delights you miss,

In doing an hour like this;

Young men out the world to number,

Beyond what health and nature number;

Arise, if you a man would be!

From these catching toils be free!

"Life still!" cries Shab; "it is not warm;

An hour's more sleep can do no harm;

You will have time your work to do,

And leisure for amusement too."

Much must be heard on either side,

The question fairly to decide;

And are the long debate is over,

Time and occasion are no more!

Would you the joy of victory know,

Pause not to parley with the foe;

Play not the sluggard and the duncie,—

Awake! arise! I start up at once!

Be courteous. Remember that bad manners make bad morals. A kind no is often more agreeable than an un courteous yes.

HAD A CENTURY MAKES SOME DIFFERENCE.—When the trial of Aaron Burr was going on in Richmond, Va., June 3d 1807, the Court was detained by the non-arrival of Gen. Wilkinson from N. Orleans. Mr. Hay, the United States Attorney, said:

"We have looked at the map, and find the distance from New Orleans to Richmond, 1870 miles. If he comes by land he must travel on horseback. He could probably ride 30 miles per day, and, by this rate, he would require forty-five days to fulfil paying debts when due than to be guilty of misrepresentation in any other

## USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical, to which, if collected together, could and would furnish a bound volume of considerable thickness, available to the man of science, the professional artist, the amateur, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Seasonable Recipes for Ladies.

HINTS ABOUT MAKING PRESERVES.—It is not generally known, that boiling fruit a long time, and skimming it well, without the sugar, and without a cover to the preserving-pan, is a very economical and excellent way—economical, because the bulk of the sugar rises from the fruit, and not from the sugar, if the latter is good; and boiling it without a cover, allows the evaporation of all the water particles therefrom; the preserves keep firm and well flavored. The proportions are, three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Jam made in this way, of currants, strawberries, raspberries or gooseberries, is excellent.

TO PRESERVE FRUITS WITHOUT SUGAR OR VINEGAR.—At a meeting of the Horticultural Society, Mr. Lovejoy, butler to J. Thorne, Esq., of Mayhew House, South Lambeth, obtained a medal for preserving damsons, greengage plums, gooseberries, rhubarb, cherries, black and red currants, raspberries, and mulberries—all without sugar or vinegar. The specimens exhibited were a plump and transparent as when fresh gathered. They were prepared enough to gain by trading, by speculation, to realize a profit and to fulfill their contracts promptly. As they bought on credit, they sold on credit; a circle of credits thus passed round and round, just as children with hands locked in a ring pull against each other: one falls, and the others follow suit. Another familiar illustration is seen in ninepins: one pin is struck, and, tumbling on the next, the whole group is prostrated. Buying and selling on credit is a hazardous game of ninepins: a single blow often upsets all the men. Take the case of merchant. He sells his goods on time, and failing to collect, is unable to pay the importers. The importer in turn, being disappointed, cannot pay the manufacturer, who, also deceived in his collections, is unable to keep up his business; and down goes every man in the circle. They telegraph-wires when whole convey the electric fluid from New York to New Orleans in a moment; but let the wire be disjoined even one inch, and the operators may toll at their batteries a year without sending or receiving a solitary dot.

AN IDEA OF ETERNITY.—An Orthodox Yankee expressed himself as follows concerning eternity: "Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word. Nor I neither hardly. It is forever and ever, and five or six everlasting's a top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sun-set, and cipher them up, and it would not begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends after millions and trillions of years have passed away in the morning of eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

"Billy, spell cat, rat, hat, bat, with only one letter for each word?"

"It can't be done."

"What! you just ready to report verba-

tim poetically, and can't do that?" Just look here! e 80 cat, r 80 rat, h 80 bat, b 80 bat.

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